

**The last Dying Speech (and last Farewell to the World) of Sarah Metyard, and her own Daughter Sarah Morgan Metyard, who were executed July the 19th 1762, at Tyburn, for the barbarous Murder, of two Apprentice Girls.**

SARAH METYARD and SARAH MORGAN METYARD (her Daughter) was tried for wilfully and maliciously murdering ANN NAILOR, a poor Parish Girl, her Apprentice, about four Years since, by beating, bruising, and tying her up to a Door in a Garret for three Days successively, which was frequently done, and for with-holding from her Victuals, and other Necessaries, and thereby starving her to Death. The Daughter, in Defence of herself, endeavoured to set out the Mother in the blackest Light, affirming that she was the cause of her Death, by starving, &c. that she concealed the Body in a Box till too offensive to be borne, then cut it into several Parts, and carried it from her House, near Mount-street, to Chick Lane, where she threw them into a Gully-Hole, except one of the Hands, which having a Mark thereon she burnt. The Trial lasted seven Hours, and the Jury, without going out of Court, brought them in both Guilty. There was another Indictment against them of the same Nature for the Murder of MARY NAILOR Sister to the above unfortunate Child.

This Morning Sarah Metyard and her Daughter about nineteen Years of Age were executed at Tyburn. The Mother was so affected that she continued in Fits all the Way, and lay down in the Cart, and was not able to attend the Prayers at the Place of Execution, but was obliged to be lifted up a Minute or two before she was turned off. The unhappy Daughter was so weak that she was supported all the Time she was in the Cart, and behaved with the greatest Contrition. After hanging the usual Time, their Bodies were carried to Surgeons Hall in order for Dissection.

**The Mother's sorrowful Lamentation.**

Attention give good Christians all,  
Unto our mournful case,  
Who now are going to our End,  
To suffer with disgrace.  
My Daughter I have likewise brought,  
Unto this shameful death,  
A tender Child she was to me,  
As ever yet drew breath.

But often I did force her too,  
Such Acts of cruelty,  
Which in her nature she abhor'd,  
And very often cry'd.  
Saying dear Mother do not treat,  
Them so inhumanly,  
For God there cause will sure revenge,  
On us most certainly.

But I ne'er heeded what she said,  
But beat them very sore,  
Altho' the Children did work hard,  
I said they should do more;  
Thus by my cruel Usage I,  
These tender hearts did break,  
My Daughter often did shed tears,  
And her poor heart did ach.

When they were dead I did contrive,  
To make away with them,  
And cut their Hands and Legs quite off,  
Thinking to hide my shame;  
Remarkable a finger was,  
Which one had on her hand,  
Which I cut off and burnt with speed,  
As you must understand.

Then down the Gully-hole we threw,  
The mangled Corpses there,  
Remorse of Conscience I ne'er felt,  
While doing this I swear;  
But now my wicked heart relents,  
And thunders at the thought,  
Justice at length has me o'ertook,  
To punishment I'm brought.

My Daughter from me did slope,  
Being shocked at my ways,  
And by a Gentleman was kept,  
In splendour as she says,  
But I would never let her rest,  
But did her much torment,  
Tho' often she did say to me,  
That I should it repent.

Within her Power then it was,  
She said my Life to take,  
The Gentleman who did her keep,  
He did a promise make,  
That he'd no longer live with her,  
Unless she did unfold,  
The Crimes I had been guilty of,  
Which must be manifold.

When she had thus divulg'd the deed,  
It prov'd her overthrow,  
And now does with me sore lament,  
Being overwhelm'd with woe.  
How can I Lord for Pardon hope,  
Who have so wicked been,  
Involving of my dearest Child,  
In this most bloody sin

